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## WALKS IN WESTMORELAND.\*

SOME years have elapsed since, in fulfilment of a tryst with one of the most accomplished of England's daughters, I passed a fortnight exploring, in her delightful society, and under the privileged auspices of the best of country pastors, not only the general features of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, but, in a series of daily rambles, the primitive rural district in the immediate vicinity of Windermere.

Contrary to tourist routine, our line of march from Penrith led us first to the foot of Ullawater, one of the wildest and largest of the beautiful sheets of water whose widely different character imparts to them such varied interest. From the paragon of princely village inns at Pooley Bridge we took a boat, and were rowed some half-dozen miles up the lake, so as to obtain a view (though, alas! a too distant one) of the nobler scenery towards Patterdale. That circumstance probably weakened the effect of this highly-extolled lake, which, spite of its extent, and many fine points, struck us as overrated, and, even to a Scottish eye, deficient in wood.

Pursuing a bad but beautiful road up a steep ascent of eighteen miles to Keswick, we enjoyed from it the most exquisite views of the lake and mountains round. Saddleback struck us as finer, from this point at least, than Skiddaw, and the general aspect of the range continually reminded us of Scotland. Grandeur rather than beauty characterised the drive, and less wood was everywhere visible than in the Highlands.

Passing the valley of St John, whose 'castle rocks,' and the novel spectacle of nature for once imitating art, are so graphically depicted by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Bridal of Triermain,' we arrived at Keswick, and passed a lovely evening in delicious contemplation of the gem, in my opinion, of all the sisterhood of lakes. A seat beneath two trees, looking up Derwentwater, affords the most faultless combination of scenery I ever remember beholding. The hills, piled in the happiest confusion, tier above tier; a woody island in the foreground; and a circular basin, glowing with the evening sun, reflecting every peak around.

We allowed our guide to unmoor one of the many fairy skiffs fastened to the sunny bank, and glided across to the island—a perfect insular paradise, with all its fresh fragrant shrubs unpolluted with dust, and sheltered from every blast. From the windows of the villa the prospects are indescribable. I could not help regretting that this Eden was not, instead of being the rare occasional abode of a luxurious idler, the permanent residence of the poet Southey, whose prosaic actual

dwelling, a suburban-looking box close to the town of Keswick, disappointed me much.

Far different was the aspect of Rydal Mount, the meet abode of Wordsworth (of which more hereafter), when passed the following day in the course of a drive unequalled perhaps for variety and contrast within the same narrow bounds. Our parting peep, caught from a steep ascent, of Derwentwater, lying as cool and clear in the morning air as it had been warm and glowing the evening before, reminded me strongly of the character of some Swiss valleys, nay, even of more desolate gorges in our own mountains, part of the drive much resembling the approach to Glencroe. About Grasmere and Rydal, again, one might fancy one's-self in the milder vales of Switzerland; while some hours of luxurious enjoyment on a bank above the inn at Lowood, with the glittering expanse of Windermere full in view, recalled, though as in a miniature picture, and wanting the noble mountain framework, the island-studded mirror of Loch Lomond. Windermere, beautiful as it is, is a lake to be loved and enjoyed, rather than gazed and wondered at. It should perhaps be seen—if to be seen merely—the first of the group to which it belongs, as the others far exceed it in wildness and sublimity. But on the banks of none would one be more inclined to linger, or even finally to set up one's rest. The village of Bowness, our resting-point, is the *beau ideal* of an English hamlet—neat, clean, cheerful, and embowered in roses; with one of the most picturesque and venerable of churches, and a modern Gothic school, towering on a cliff beyond it, and adding a new feature to the before perfect picture.

The hotel (Ullock's) where we resided, and were as much at home as if in our own several places of abode, has every recommendation an inn can possess—comfort, cleanliness, civility, good fare, moderate charges (its celebrity notwithstanding), and a degree of quiet perfectly incomprehensible. For though overflowing with hourly accessions of company, no rude sound of 'chambermaid,' 'boots,' or even 'bells,' is ever heard to disturb the home stillness of this *dearest* (in the best sense of the word) of hostleries.

Our apartments opened on a beautiful little green terrace or platform above the lake, on which, at morning or evening, it was luxury to lounge, the autumnal coolness of the air, and ever-shifting varieties of cloud and sunshine, forming a continual feast to the senses.

And now for the result of the rambles before alluded to, in the cottage anecdotes, gleaned while accompanying the most popular of pastors in his accustomed visits of benevolence among his people, and noted down verbatim on the spot, which may probably, by lovers of character, be deemed their chief, if not only merit.

No. 1.—A beautiful clean picturesque cottage, remarkable even in a country where all are more or less

\* This article is from the pen of a respected female contributor, a lady not unknown in literature.

so. Cheerful window, commanding within its rustic framework such a view of lake and mountain as an artist might walk miles to procure. The curiosity of the house, however, is its ancient mistress—a nice, clean, lively woman, the very image of thrift and good housewifery, but the remotest in appearance from having in her mind either music or sentiment. We found, however, that this mind was the residence of both; for on our remarking a fiddle suspended against the clean whitewashed wall, the handiwork of her son—one, she told us, 'of a right musical family'—she tripped nimbly up stairs, as if the very word 'music' had awakened the latent propensity of her earlier years, and brought down a venerable dulcimer (the first of its species which any of our trio had ever beheld), and on our inquiring its age, answered characteristically, 'I hae played on't some five-and-fifty years or more. I played on't at four year auld, and I'll be sixty t'morn.'

She forthwith suited the action to the word, and though with hands absolutely distorted and numbed by rheumatism, displayed much of the dexterity and execution which must in youth have rendered her the Paganini, if not of 'Abyssynian,' at least of Westmoreland maidens. The instrument—in shape a sort of oblong, with the sides bevelled off like an antique window seat—had ten rows of strings, and was played with two quills. These the old lady moved about with singular agility, jumping, with squirrel-like leaps, from row to row of strings, and progressing, from no contemptible imitation of a chime of church bells, to such rapid evolutions as are required by an Irish jig.

Considering that she played by the ear, had every joint stiffened by rheumatism, and had nearly abandoned the art for the last twenty years, her performance was really wonderful. Her instrument being sadly out of tune (which, to do her ear justice, seemed to shock it greatly), we asked if any one could remedy the defect; and she said there was only one old man at Bowness sufficiently gifted, if his fingers were still capable of performing the task. We exhorted her not to let the art die with her, but instruct one of her grandchildren; on which she rejoined, with the invariable precatory ejaculation of her country, 'Well, and music is a harmless thing! I used to play in t'moonlight when I was a girl, and my father gone to's bed!' and this with as little idea of being sentimental, as if she had said she supped on bread and cheese.

We were invited up stairs to enjoy in more perfection our favourite view, and the landing-place exhibited, besides the precious dulcimer-case, a curiously-carved writing-desk of 1624, and an elegantly-turned old oaken spinning-wheel, quite fit for a dowager duchess of sixty years ago.

No. 2 was a picture of a very different description. We had seen a Westmoreland peasant woman of the better class, in the decline of life certainly, but still in the enjoyment of tolerable health and unimpaired activity of tongue and limb. We were now to witness the sad effects of disease on one of the most notable and stirring of housewives. It was by the presence of the benevolent clergyman that all our intrusions were sanctioned; and this was evidently one of the last earthly visits the mistress of the cottage would ever receive.

Crouching over the expiring embers of a fire sat a pale emaciated woman of about fifty, in the last stage of decline, patient, and prepared for her change, yet dwelling with pardonable minuteness on the details of her previous domestic trials and present illness. These derived from her death-like appearance, and the peculiarly expressive and idiomatic language of the country, an interest incapable of being transferred to paper. A strong remnant of Saxon words pervades the dialect of this part of the country, several instances of which occurred during the day.

Her husband, a small farmer, she said, had lain two years a martyr to rheumatism, during which he never 'saw to mither corn nor hay.' A double portion of out-door duty, in addition to her daily and nightly

nursing, of course devolved on her, and to these exertions she had now fallen a victim; her husband in the meantime having been restored to health by her energetic proceedings in carrying him to a 'rubbing doctor' at Preston. The clergyman, in his own mild way, gave her a few words of pastoral consolation; while my gifted companion (the little attendant maiden having been scared away by the 'gentlefolks') blew up the fire, first filling at the brook, and then heating, the tea-kettle, and administered the welcome refreshment with a cordial kindness peculiarly her own.

It was a comfort that, in a worldly point of view, the poor woman wanted nothing that money could procure. She spoke with pardonable pride of having expended twenty pounds for regular advice during her husband's long illness, and nearly as much more to a popular quack; and wine being prescribed for her, she said 'the measter' (the invariable country name for husband) was to 'fetch her a fresh quart to-morrow.' A few more morrows would probably close her earthly wants and sufferings.

No. 3.—The transition was sudden—shorter even than the bit of meandering meadow-path connecting the two cottages—between the stillness of 'life's warfare all but ended,' in the person of our shrinking and helpless last hostess, and an almost appalling vigour and energy in that of our next one; the very tallest woman I ever remember to have looked upon, whose gaunt bony figure was equipped for the hay-field in very scanty drapery. She literally touched the beam of her own cottage roof, and reminded one, in all but grace, of an antique Caryatide of some of the severer styles of sculpture.

The redeeming character of this hard-favoured Glumdalclitch, was her perfect good-humour and cheerful cordiality of welcome; while the confiding minuteness with which she and other parents enlarged to the 'parson' on the little ailments, or progress in learning, of their children, as well as the universal smile that beamed on every face at sight of him, spoke volumes for his estimation among a people to whose simplicity flattery seems unknown, and who in most cases express a great deal less than they feel.

No. 4.—If good-humour and energy had been pleasing even under the rude exterior of the Westmoreland giantess, they were of course doubly attractive in the person of one of the prettiest young wives and mothers that ever cheered a peasant's fireside. It would have been hard to say whether this comely young creature, whose girl of six years old might have been mistaken for a younger sister, was proudest of her children or her cheeses; which latter, ranged in a goodly row on the usual oaken shelf—the snowy whiteness of their polished sides set off by the still darker hue of the ancient smoke-tanned rafters—having attracted my attention, had each its individual merits pointed out to me with professional pride.

Everything about this *ménage* was bright and stirring, and shone through a sunny medium. The children's faces alone were grievously in want of washing—a rare blemish in this cleanliest of countries, where the very pigs seem to have undergone ablution; but, as she said, all the world had been at the hay, and 'better for the lile (little) ones to rout in t'dirt, nor to ail int' bed.' On my remarking that cheese-making seemed a toilsome mode of turning a dairy to account, she cheerfully answered, 'Oh, we munna look out for rough to be had wi'out trouble.' In short, it was impossible to look on her pretty modest face, and re-echo her cheerful good-night, and not congratulate John Richardson (still a-field) as a very enviable married man.

No. 5.—We were now to see assembled, under one cottage roof, a very galaxy of cottage virtues, with due accompaniment of cottage comforts. The pastor had warned us, in general terms, that his next visit was to a recent sufferer by a dreadful calamity, the object of it having fallen into the fire in a fainting fit, and been so burned about the face and hands, as to escape with life

at the expense of many weeks of intense agony. While talking a moment, within this peculiarly clean cottage, with its owner—a nice motherly woman, surrounded by children of all ages—a hearty greeting, in the most cheerful of human accents, announced the entrance of the convalescent invalid.

She was, notwithstanding all she had gone through—and 'words,' she expressively said, 'could never make known what she had a *bidden*'—a nice, hale, hearty-looking creature, whom no suffering could tame or calamity subdue; her eyes twinkling with scarce suppressed gloom, and her lips overflowing with rich humour, only the more racy for being clothed in the indescribable vernacular of Westmoreland.

To the parson, as usual, all the incidents of her illness and recovery, which had occurred since his last visit, were graphically detailed; and one anecdote of herself was highly characteristic. Mr ——— told us, of her indomitable spirit and ready repartee. When her poor burnt hand, still disabled, and swollen to twice its usual dimensions, and very imperfectly skinned over, was incapable of the slightest motion, 'Ta doctor,' she said to us, 'had coom in like a crazy creature, and spreading his five fingers out before her face, had exhorted her to do the same. "Well!" says I, "gin I could ha' made a hand like his, I never wud ha' coom'd tell him!"' The arch humour with which she said this was a thing never to be forgotten, nor the light-heartedness and trust in Providence, and her neighbours' kindness, of a being dependent on her own labour for daily bread; and yet now content to owe it, with equal cheerfulness and right-mindedness on both sides, to the family under whose roof we found her (though no relation) a welcomed and cherished inmate.

On hearing of the accident, which occurred to her while waiting on a very old and infirm gentlewoman, a nice girl, whom we had seen, the daughter of our present hostess, had volunteered at the old lady's house some weeks of untiring and gratuitous attendance on poor Nelly; and when Nelly's mistress, with somewhat of the crabbed narrowness of age, had begun to tire of the burden, the mother of the girl had stepped forward and offered a home to the still totally helpless and houseless invalid. These traits, so honourable to the feelings of a people whose only national blemish is supposed to be a too great love of gain, or rather horror of expense, were related to us with sparkling eyes by their youthful pastor, who looked quite proud when, in answer to our questions about the date of the accident, the patient showed her sense of his familiarity with it by the appeal of, 'Thirteen weeks come Monday, ben't it, parson?'

I could not help on this, as on many other occasions during the day, envying one of the most accomplished of scholars and gentlemen the cordial affection of his flock, and the influence he has acquired, by the most legitimate and unostentatious means, over a population slow to form attachments, and proverbially incapable of exaggeration.

No. 6, which was perhaps, in point of local and provincial interest, the climax of our Westmoreland experiences, was a visit to the house of a *bona fide* 'statesman'—a class of old yeomen fast wearing away, and being, if not their paternal possessions, at least their patriarchal simplicity and independence.

Of this expiring genus, we could not have seen a finer specimen than old William Cholmondeley; the gaunt but fine relic of one of the tallest and most powerful among the athletic race of Windermere.

The house and its inhabitant were in the most excellent keeping with each other. The latter, his face still florid, and his white hair streaming about in somewhat of its youthful luxuriance, strode out to his threshold, attended by two large sheep-dogs, which only wanted a hint to be uncivil. Though slightly deaf, old Cholmondeley kept up a conversation full of rustic shrewdness and unabated spirit.

His hospitality was soon proffered, and the more

readily accepted, that some of the party had sacrificed to the walk the usual forms of dinner. Milk, warm from the cow, the delicious thin wafer-like oat-cakes—forming, strange to say, not the occasional relish, but staple food of every cottage, where whole days are devoted to their laborious preparation—and best cheese of the country, were quickly placed before us. As a sample of the liberality with which our repeated draughts on the former were sure to be 'honoured,' the goodly milking tub, in which the fluid had just been drawn from the cow, was introduced in full view on a side table, and jug after jug strained directly from it for our use; while the old host's still lively eyes twinkled with satisfaction at our apparent relish of his mountain cheer.

The house in the meantime well deserved a description. The state-room, or centre apartment, into which we were ushered, was wainscoted and roofed with oak, stained, by age, of the darkest mahogany, or almost ebony hue; along whose dusky rafters shone more brightly than usual an unwonted array of magnificent cheeses.

Before the wide antique chimney, clothed with its summer brocade of fresh boughs, literally gleamed, like newly-burnished weapons, a whole range of fantastic-looking andirons, of all shapes and sizes, adapted for suspending, at various undefinable angles, the pots and pans of some mighty Camachos' wedding-feast. But the crowning feature of this really imposing apartment, breathing centuries of yeoman comfort and respectability, was a gate of oaken railing, somewhat akin to that often placed by careful modern parents on the top of a nursery flight of stairs, which separated the actual parlour in which we sat from the main staircase, springing under a venerable old arch directly from it.

The immediate proximity likewise of this *chamber of dais* to the ample kitchen, and no less spacious dairy, which intervened between it, and the unfailing and picturesque Westmoreland outer-porch, spoke of a pleasing and primitive union between the business of rural life and the scene of its most privileged holidays. We departed, delighted with our glimpse into patriarchal life, and attended even beyond the 'door-stane' by our venerable host, who, expressing a wish to show us his 'beans'—no bean-field, as we supposed, but bee-hives; an evident corruption of the German word '*bienen*'—took leave of us at the gate of his little trim and well-kept garden. He was one on whose like, though the generation now flourishing in Westmoreland are still unusually tall and athletic, a traveller from less-favoured localities can seldom hope to look again.

Such were the glimpses of mountain cottage life with which one day's delightful ramble furnished us, and to which perhaps the scenery of the most loveable of neighbourhoods has lent a delusive charm. But whatever may be thought of the very humble pictures, which have little, save their truth and fidelity, to recommend them, all will sympathise in the delight I experienced in driving over to Rydal Mount, and the opportunity of seeing, unshackled by the forms of an ordinary introduction, the interior of a poet's home such as Wordsworth is privileged to inhabit.

Never surely were residences and man more exquisitely adapted to each other; nor, should I say, judging from their reception both of the intimate friends I accompanied, and of their interloping appendage, was poet ever blest with womankind more calculated to temper, by the friendly ease of their hospitality, the mixture of shame and awe inspired by trespassing (not involuntarily) on the den of such lions as Scott or Wordsworth. The urbanity of the latter under such trials I had no opportunity of appreciating, at least under his own roof, for he was absent on an excursion, whence he only returned in time to meet us in the act of quitting his premises. But in his wife and daughter he possesses auxiliaries who must at all times lighten to himself and others the 'ills' to which 'genius,' like (but oh how unlike!) 'flesh,' is heir to. Of the extent of these 'visitations,' some idea may be formed from



the circumstance of five parties, none of them specially authorised, having called during our afternoon visit; while a neighbour told me it was no very uncommon thing for the tea-table to be as often replenished with unexpected guests: so that double credit seems to be due to that unpretending kindness of the poet's fitting helpmate, and the playful grace, beyond the reach of art, of his accomplished daughter, which will long be associated with the other charms of Rydal Mount.

The house is just what and where it should be—sufficiently elevated above the beautiful vale it commands to be cheerful, yet abundantly sheltered and embosomed in its luxuriant canopy of trees and shrubs. While prolonging our visit, in the hope, not altogether frustrated (as far as a glimpse of his personal presence, the noblest perhaps ever borne by poet, as, with hat in hand, and his fine white hair playing in the wind, he stood beside our retreating carriage), of the return of the master of the house, I retired into a window of the charming library, to allow freer scope to the conversation of the more privileged friends of the family I had accompanied; and, under the irresistible influence of the view without, and the genius of the place within doors, gave vent to my feelings in verses which have, like the preceding prose, no other merit than being put down on the spot.

#### SONNET WRITTEN IN WORDSWORTH'S WINDOW.

What thoughts rushing through my mind, and stirred my heart,  
While glad retiring even from kindest sound  
Of mountain welcome! Pleased, I sank apart  
In you deep window nook, and made the gems  
Of earth, and air, and sky, for him enmeshed  
By nature's lavish hands, within its bound  
For one bright moment—oh, how brief!—mine own.  
Methought, if thus in awful presence placed  
Of giant mountain summits, caught through stems  
Of ancient oaks, ungifted soul like mine  
Aught of the poet's sacred joy could taste,  
Aught of the hallowed spirit hovering round,  
What marvel thus should glow through every line  
The fires by Wordsworth lit at nature's shrine!

The tameness of the above lines may be redeemed perhaps by the raciness of a Westmoreland compliment to the bard, which was told us on the spot. A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she often saw Mr Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. 'Oh, indeed,' said she, 'he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *boozing his pottery*\* through the woods, he will now and then say, "How d'ye do, Nanny?" as sensible as you or me!'

#### NATURE AT WAR.

##### THE BALANCE.

In some former papers† we have given an account of the wars, offensive and defensive, of the lower animals; and we now desire to reconcile such apparent anomalies with the general scheme of nature.

It is manifest that there exists a limit to the over-multiplication of life on the one hand, and to its annihilation on the other. The earth can be proved to be capable of supporting no more than a definite number of living creatures upon its surface. If there is an excess, it will be cut down; if there is a deficiency, it will be supplied. In a word, there is a balance which holds the opposing powers in equipoise; a balance, one of whose scales is labelled 'multiplication,' the other 'subtraction.' Held by an Omnipotent hand, guided by an Omnipotent Power, it may have its oscillations, but, as a universal scheme, its equilibrium is almost perfect; and at no period since the earth and its tenants sprang into existence, do the annals of natural history inform us that either scale has kicked the beam. If creatures drop out of the one scale, a compensating proportion of others will be added on to the opposite. Thus, while it is always under the direct control of the Author of life, it possesses all the elements of a self-regulating

principle within itself. To take a simple illustration in the initiative. A certain insect has had a certain plant appointed to it as its food; a season having some peculiar features will produce this plant in unusual luxuriance, to the exclusion, probably, of many that formerly shared the same area of soil with it. As a direct consequence of the increase in food, the number of insects is a thousandfold increased, the luxuriant plant is devoured by myriads of additional mouths, and is at last cropped down to what may be regarded as its normal status. The balance now rapidly inclines in the opposite direction, as concerns the equilibrium of vegetation, but it is again restored by the birth and increase of all the plants eaten out and smothered before. This is just an instance in which a redundancy of production brings its own check upon its back. In this case, and in many others, the balancing principle reacts also upon the very check itself: with the disappearance of the excess of sustenance the excess of consumption vanishes too, and the millions of busy insects die by a simple negation.

To extend our views. The balance of power reveals itself in both the great kingdoms of nature—animal and vegetable. Confining our attention principally to the former, and in some measure respecting a convenient division formerly made into carnivorous and herbivorous creatures, let us briefly advert in the first place to the balances of production and consumption subsisting in the mutual relations of animals—predators and their prey. In sustaining the equilibrium of species, insects are very actively and very extensively engaged. There is a species of aphid which does incalculable mischief to plants, destroys the hops of the orchard, and blights every tree upon which it alights, which finds a check in a splendidly glittering enemy known as the 'lion of the aphides.' This aphid lion was commemorated on a former occasion for its remarkable freak of imitating the destroyer of the Nemean monster, and clothing itself with the skins of its slain. Its ravages among these insects are only to be compared with the ravages of the latter upon plants, and are probably under-estimated in the comparison. The aphides have, fortunately for us, other enemies still. Kirby thus writes of the destruction caused by the caterpillar of another aphidivorous insect. 'It was but last week that I observed the top of every young shoot of the currant-trees in my garden curled up by myriads of aphides. On examining them this day, not an individual remains; but beneath each leaf are three or four full-fed larvae of aphidivorous flies, surrounded with large heaps of the slain, the trophies of their successful warfare, and the young shoots, whose progress has been entirely checked by the abstraction of sap, are again expanding vigorously.' Rolander made a remarkable discovery, which is a beautiful illustration of several links in our chain of argument. 'The *Phalæna strobilella* has the fir cone assigned to it to deposit its eggs upon; the young caterpillars, coming out of the shell, consume the cone and superfluous seed; but, lest the destruction should become too general, the ichneumon lays its eggs upon the caterpillar, which, being hatched, destroy the latter.' It has a remarkable apparatus with which it succeeds in this insidious attack: its body cannot enter into the cone, but it inserts its long delicate tail into an opening in the cone, until it succeeds in touching the enclosed caterpillar. The egg is then slid down through this tail, and posited upon the hapless larva, whose death then becomes inevitable. In the tail is placed a kind of borer, which, says Reaumur, they use as a carpenter uses his hand-awl, giving it a semi-rotatory motion in alternate directions. By this means the ichneumon is able to bore down to the nests of the mason-wasps; when it has bored quite down to the larva, enclosed in such fancied security, it lays the fatal spot upon it, and takes its leave, satisfied of the ultimate result. The ichneumon will also pierce the gallnuts which protect the slumbering parasite within, oviposit upon it, and depart. The service this little destroyer renders to man is incalculable: it pierces the covering with which the *Cecidomyia* or Hessian fly invests its progeny—an insect whose attacks upon wheat are the dread of every agriculturist—and thus nips this destroying

\* Repeating his poetry.

† Journal, Nos. 158, 159, 162.

creature in the bud. It also destroys in a similar way the caterpillars, which consume the cabbages, and the genus *brassica* generally; both of them services which it is only just to acknowledge as among the most valuable rendered to man by the instrumentality of the world of insects. The processional caterpillars have a tremendous enemy in an insect named the *calorona*, which, like the glutton, distends itself to such an extent with its prey, as to be incapable of motion. It is a singular illustration of the law of balances, that while these very insects are imbued in bloodshed themselves, they are followed by flocks of birds which swallow up multitudes of the emigrating army in turn. Finally, the very striking fact may be mentioned, that Kirby, in a calculation of about eight thousand species of British insects, found that the two divisions, carnivorous and herbivorous insects, formed almost a counterpoise to each other, the former being a little in excess.

To turn to the kingdom of fishes. It has been calculated that one codfish produces about six millions of progeny in one spawning season. If from this vast number five millions five hundred thousand are deducted for losses by accident, or mischance, or prey, and only five hundred thousand remain as the offspring of one parent—were this small portion of the original sum alone to come to maturity every year, the sea would soon be swarming, other circumstances being favourable, with no other inhabitants. Not so: the check to this excessive productiveness is that of prey; and so efficient is its operation, that out of the original six millions, a few score, or even less, alone come ultimately to maturity. The herring is also possessed of astonishing fecundity, coming, as they do, to our shores and shoal waters in numbers which are feebly expressed by the term 'millions'—in shoals miles in length and breadth. What would ensue were there no means of keeping down this enormous production of living beings? By their consumption of the entire food of the ocean, all other fish, if they still remained inoffensive, would perish from starvation. Such a contingency is provided against by depredation. The sea-fowl in countless flocks feast upon them, and consume incredible numbers; the shark gulps down his thousands too; and the dog-fish, porpoise, grampus, in large herds, hem in the herring shoal, and at every instant are engaged in reducing its hosts; while man and starvation complete the havoc, and curtail the tendency to excess. To convey an estimate of the mighty numbers of these shoals, it has been said that if all the men in the world were to be landed from some of them, they would not carry the thousandth part away! And if such is the productiveness of creatures inhabiting our northern seas, so strong the tendency to over-multiplication in the teeth of every obstacle, what estimate is to be formed of the fecundity of those more genial regions where all nature revels in luxuriance! The inexhaustible millions of fish which crowd the warm waters of the Indian Ocean are so vast, that fishing in those seas is next to a sinecure. But it is here that these voracious monsters, which are equally the terror of men and of the finny race, multiply to a corresponding degree, and keep down the exuberance.

Again, among birds. Rennie, quoting Reaumur, states that a single caterpillar of the *Gamma* ( $\gamma$ ) moth lays four hundred eggs. If twenty of these were placed in a garden, and became moths, the eggs laid by these, if all fertile, would produce in the next generation eight hundred thousand caterpillars. Rennie adds, that did not Providence, therefore, put causes in operation to keep them in due bounds, the caterpillars of this moth alone, leaving out of consideration the two thousand other British species, would soon destroy more than half our vegetation. They are devoured in multitudes by birds. Bradley calculated that a pair of the common sparrows, with a young family at home, will destroy three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars in one week! Swallows, in their airy flights, destroy hosts innumerable of ephemeral and other insects. The shrike, kestrel, pie, rook, crow, woodpecker, and a vast number more, derive their entire subsistence from the consumption of insects and *annelida*, and the amount of service thus rendered

to man has received more than one ample corroboration. The hawk tribe, on the contrary, keeps down the production of field-mice, young rabbits, many of the smaller kinds of birds, and reptiles; and it is worthy of remark, that whenever, from unforeseen causes, any particular species comes to be in excess, these birds confine themselves to the work of keeping it down, from the simple reason that that is the most ready method of furnishing themselves with food. If the excess is at all permanent, it is productive of a greater increase in the numbers of the consumer, until a balance is at length attained. The influence of the more rapacious birds of prey in the same work, although advantageous, and, taken as a whole, of considerable momentum, yet fails to exhibit itself so strikingly in the individual as in the instances enumerated. A similar general remark is applicable to the operation of reptiles.

Lastly, to speak of mammals. The fertility of the rodent animals is so great, that were they at liberty to multiply unchecked, the period would not be far distant at which they would cover the earth with their progeny. Thus rabbits, which are said to have been originally natives of Spain, multiplied at one period in that country, and also in some of the islands of the Mediterranean, to such a prodigious extent, as to make it necessary to call in the assistance of the military to destroy them; but this failing to exercise any appreciable influence over the invaders, the ferret and weasel were introduced, and the numbers of the rabbits became very rapidly thinned down. Every one is familiar with the extraordinary fertility of our domestic nuisances, rats and mice: at an earlier period in the earth's history, they seem to have swarmed in still greater numbers. Dr Lund, in his essay on the Fauna of Brazil, states, that in a cavern which he entered in Brazil, and which is 120 feet long, from 6 to 9 feet wide, and from 30 to 40 feet high, about twenty feet from the entrance he met with a layer of brownish earth, very loose, and about a foot in thickness. On examination, this mould proved to be full of small bones. He filled a box, containing about half a cubic foot, with it, and counted in this quantity about two thousand separate *rami* of the under-jaw of a species of rat, besides the jaws of other animals. All the skulls were fractured: this was evidence of a violent death; and in the cave were found numbers of owls, which Dr Lund believes to have been, during successive ages, the murderers of the countless myriads of the rodent animals whose remains formed the floor of the cavern. Aristotle tells us that he put one mouse with young into a vessel of corn; in some time after he found a hundred and twenty descendants from this single mouse! In fact, were it not for furious civil wars, for the incessant hunting down of these creatures by cats, owls, snakes, and others, the rat tribe would almost dispute with man himself the dominion over the entire globe. The lemming or Lapland marmot, in armies made up of hundreds of thousands, at certain periods, generally once or twice in twenty-five years, sets out on its journey, and the host is followed by wolves, bears, and foxes, to whom the lemmings fall an incessant prey. Great troops of the *quagga* or wild asses are occasionally known to migrate in search of food, and are cut down night after night by lions and others of the carnivora. The springbok or Cape antelope is also often driven down by drought from the deserts to the cultivated districts, where the havoc they commit is beyond estimation; and where they would soon be the means of depopulating whole regions, were it not that troops of ravenous animals follow, and constantly fall upon them. Mr Lyell quotes, upon the authority of Ullva and Buffon, an anecdote which appropriately illustrates the general system of counterchecks. The Spaniards had introduced goats into the island of Juan Fernandez, where they became so prolific, as to furnish the pirates who infested those seas with provisions. In order to cut off this resource, dogs were introduced; the goats were rapidly destroyed, and after this event the number of dogs as rapidly diminished.

Let us now turn, but briefly, to depredations which are committed more directly upon the vegetable world; by

means of which it not unfrequently happens that the whole vegetation of a district may entirely alter its character. The aphides, and the formidable locusts, come to take the foremost rank in this engagement. The aphides sometimes visit a region in such numbers that their armies darken the air, and alighting upon plants, they rob them of their sap, and not unfrequently strip them of their leaves, in either case effecting their destruction until another spring. The fearful ravages committed by locusts are so well known as not to require illustration. Their arrival destroys one balance, but institutes another in its room; the herbivorous animals speedily perish for lack of food, but the amount of animal matter and of life in the locusts more than compensates for this loss. This, however, is a defective balance. When not so universally destructive, locusts often restore the equilibrium in the vegetable kingdom; they attack a particular plant which may have been over-luxuriant, and consume it down to the ground, thus affording room and opportunities to other species to push forward. The Syrians and Hottentots turn the tables upon these creatures, and since they devour their produce, they become devoured themselves in its stead. Many caterpillars eat daily twice their weight of leaves; so that the harm a number of such creatures would do in a garden may be readily conceived. Just as with the locusts, so when the caterpillars, ants, and aphides multiply to excess, and thus rob the birds of their food, the latter find a very agreeable substitute in the persons of the devourers themselves.

There are a few special cases which have interest enough to entitle them to a short consideration. There are two modifications of the means of balancing in particular, which show, that to effect this great object, extremes can meet. The smaller predatory animals, after their wholesale destruction of life among creatures weaker than themselves, die at last the death of murderers, in becoming victims to the great generals in the art of slaughter—the larger carnivora. Again, the largest and fiercest creatures, in spite of their colossal powers, fall victims to the attack of the most insignificant beings. Illustrations of both of these propositions abound everywhere. In the first case, it is the savage law of superior strength and ferocity; in the second, it is the system of parasites, which is at once the instrument of retribution, and a co-operative means of preserving the equilibrium of species. Cuvier relates that the sword-fish, in spite of its terrific weapon, is overcome by the attacks of a little crustaceous animal which penetrates into its flesh, and renders it sometimes so furious, that it dashes itself on shore. De Geer says that even the sanguinary spider has a formidable enemy in a little parasite which attaches itself to its belly, and eventually succeeds in destroying the tiger of the insect tribe.

The balance is, however, held in equipoise by the assistance of other causes partaking of a more extrinsic character. The locusts, writes Barrow in his travels in Africa, are sometimes driven into the sea by a violent wind; on one occasion their dead bodies formed on the shores of Africa a bank three or four feet high, and fifty miles long. The sugar-cane ant, *Formica saccharivora*, at one time appeared in Grenada in such infinite numbers as to threaten the complete annihilation of the plant. Large rewards, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, were in vain offered for some effectual remedy; and the universal ruin they caused was awful. In vain were fires lighted, or canals of water dug, to stop their progress, a forlorn-hope of millions would stifle the flame, or fill up the dikes, and over their dead bodies their comrades passed in triumph. Serious thoughts were at length entertained of quitting the island altogether, and abandoning it to its fate, until in 1780, a fearful tornado, accompanied with torrents of rain, entirely annihilated the marauders. The occurrence of floods over extensive tracts of country is another natural agent in restoring an overbalance to equilibrium. Humboldt in his personal narrative says, that during the periodical swellings of the vast rivers in South America, immense numbers of animals are drowned: the wild horses which graze in innumerable hosts in the savannahs, are annually drowned in

thousands by the sudden rising of the rivers which flow through them; the rising of the inundation being so rapid, that these creatures have not time to save themselves by retreating to the higher ground. Thus, if year by year these brute armies have their ranks increased by countless additions, inanimate nature itself arrays its powers against them, and seems to refuse to permit the excessive increase. The emigrating instinct may be cited as another provision for the same purpose. Large numbers of herrings are in their migrations frequently cast upon the shore, and stranded. Insects, such as the recent flights of butterflies, will, when they have multiplied to excess in one country, restore the balance there by taking their departure. Ants set out in great armies to found a new colony, and fall victims by the way to their many enemies. In Lapland, the squirrels, when pressed for food, will collect in large numbers, and set out on an emigrating expedition.

A beautiful thought suggested by Liebig opens up to our contemplation a view of balances in the vegetable kingdom, which I feel reluctant to leave unconsidered. From the vast amount of carboniferous remains discoverable in various regions, it has been conjectured that the primeval atmosphere was excessively charged with carbonic acid gas. A vast luxuriance of vegetation was the consequence, until by its means the surcharge of that gas was reduced; and then, by slow degrees, the excessive vegetation also became diminished, and the period arrived in which the quantity of the carbonic acid gas in the air neither increased nor diminished; in short, a balance was the result. If it increased, an increased vegetation would ensue, and bring the countercheck for the preponderance; if it diminished, there would be a scantier vegetation, until the amount resumed its standard again. In such a simple and wonderful manner are the atmosphere and the vegetable world counterbalanced. The geologist also, in reflecting upon the gigantic herbivorous animals which were in existence at a former epoch—the mastodon and megatherium—will not fail to connect with the former means of balancing the direct check which could result from the enormous appetites of creatures possessed of the most colossal proportions; creatures whom a forest would alone satisfy, and whose depredations no vegetation could have endured with impunity but the over-teeming one of a young world.

As some allusion has been made formerly to a kind of mutual influence discoverable in the relations of the different members of the vegetable kingdom, we will conclude by citing a few instances of the balancing of species in it. Decandolle writes—'All the plants of a given country are at war with one another. The first which establish themselves by chance in a particular spot tend, by the mere occupancy of space, to exclude other species; the greater choke the smaller; the longest livers replace those which last for a shorter period; the more prolific gradually make themselves masters of the ground which species multiplying more slowly would otherwise fill.' The naturalist thus comes to regard the weed in his garden as much the enemy of his delicate favourites as the lion is to the sheepfold; the only difference is, that it kills by suffocation, not by bloodshed. Thus the grasses and the hardy nettle will thrive in such rank luxuriance as to stifle the other species of plants; the restitution of the balance then devolves upon an insect or a quadruped which is attached to that kind of food, and then the others, to which they are indifferent, come to make headway again. Plants of one species also, when they multiply to excess, in a short time render the soil incapable of supporting them, and they perish, to give way to new species; and these, after a time, to others. In fact, rotation is a modification of the balancing principle.

Such is the simplest view of the subject: on the one hand a multiplying, on the other a subtracting power; both opposed to one another, and by their mutual opposition preserving the harmony of the creation scheme. Production and destruction, then, are the poles between which a kind of neutrality is observed in the operations of nature. But these poles are widely separated the one from the other, and thus a great range or play of forces may

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be allowed in the working of this scheme, without in anywise involving the integrity of the great plan. The general balance which exists is a system, rather than a balance, of two constant equipoises against each other. Thus one entire species may be annihilated, and the check it exercised upon another race is then lost. This loss is commonly provided for; either another species takes its place in the work of depredation, or the species upon which it fed is first dismissed, the necessity of a check is cancelled, and, as a simple result, the check itself passes away from the stage altogether. Here is an individual balance destroyed, but the law of balances is not thereby in the least affected. A simile may help to make this statement more readily seized upon. There are some species of foreign ants which are great wood eaters: these insects will frequently attack the posts which support a building; they consume the wood upon the solidity of which the superstructure is dependent; but for every particle of wood removed, they substitute a mortar of their own, which possesses equal or perhaps greater strength, and so in a little time the building which formerly rested upon wood is now, though still as secure as ever, resting upon a totally different support. Just so with the system of balancing. Its elements have been wonderfully different in past ages to those which obtain at present: the grand design has continued the same, although the basis upon which it reposes has been so entirely and so repeatedly metamorphosed.

### THE MORAL ALCHEMY.

'In this the art of living lies.'

—DA COTTON.

A GROUP of young people, composing the family of Mr Mansfield, were one winter's night collected in the drawing-room, around the centre table, gazing with eager curiosity upon an engraving which that gentleman had just unrolled before them. It represented an antique and spacious apartment, lighted by a single lamp, which seemed but to make 'darkness visible.' The occupant of this gloomy chamber was a spare old man, whose sunken eyes and wrinkled brow bespoke a life of mental labour. He was represented to be busily engaged with some occupation, the object of which fairly puzzled the younger children, and the heterogeneous articles which surrounded him did not tend to elucidate the mystery.

'This is an alchemist in his laboratory, making experiments in order to discover the Philosopher's Stone,' Horace Mansfield at length observed, addressing his brothers and sisters in a tone expressive of pride at his superior knowledge. 'What an absurd idea!' he added, looking somewhat contemptuously on the figure before him.

'In our enlightened days it does indeed appear so, Horace,' his father remarked; 'yet persons possessed of learning and ability engaged in the pursuit. It was the mania of the middle ages, and was not confined to men who might be supposed to have had leisure for the study, but was even pursued by princes. One of the German Electors\* was surnamed *The Alchemist*, of which title he is said to have been more proud than of his electoral dignity.' Mr Mansfield then proceeded to explain to the younger children the motive which had induced the alchemist to spend his days and nights in deep study and repeated experiments, and lamented that so much valuable time should have been devoted to a fruitless pursuit, whilst that which was really useful, and would have tended to promote the interests of mankind in general, had been left unexplored.

'And yet, papa,' exclaimed a thoughtful boy, who had been looking very earnestly on the picture—'and yet if gold could have been made so easily, how much could have been done for the poor?'

'I question, my dear, whether benevolence ever instigated the pursuit,' Mr Mansfield returned. 'And had

the discovery been made, it is doubtful if the same value would have been set upon this now rare metal. Such things, my children, have no intrinsic worth. The value set on them is purely artificial, on account of their scarcity. Thus you see if what is termed baser metals could be transmuted into gold by a chemical process, that mineral would not be held in the same high esteem as at present.'

'Where do you mean to put this pretty picture, papa?' asked a little fair-haired girl, as she climbed to her accustomed seat on her father's knee.

'I intend, my dear, to have it hung up in the school-room,' was his reply.

'The school-room! I thought, papa, that you did not approve of pictures in the school-room?' chimed in another.

'I do not approve of such as would be likely to distract your attention from your studies; but when I have told you how, in my youth, I learned a lesson from a picture similar to the one before us, I hope you will always think of it when you see this.' The children looked up with pleased and eager glances.

'May I guess what it was, papa?' asked Horace with an air of self-importance.

'To be sure you may; but I doubt if you will succeed.'

'You wish the alchemist's incessant labour and contempt of difficulty to incite us to perseverance in our studies?'

'That would be an excellent moral to draw from the subject, Horace; but that was not the lesson I learned from it.'

'Well, then, papa, we must leave it to you to tell us what it was.'

'When I was a youth of about your age, Horace,' Mr Mansfield began, 'I had conceived a great desire to follow one of the learned professions; not that I had any particular talent for any, but I had adopted the erroneous idea that it would increase my importance. My father had, I knew, other views for me. I was his only son, and being engaged in a flourishing line of commerce, he naturally wished me to be associated with him, more especially as he was in delicate health, and had a large family of daughters to educate and provide for. I never thought of disputing my father's authority; yet my obedience was of a description which I now think of with shame, for it was anything but prompt and cheerful. I consequently commenced my new duties with a spirit altogether at variance with their proper fulfilment. As might be expected, I was always unhappy. I considered myself an injured individual, and deemed that my prospects in life were entirely blighted. Whilst my mind was in this desponding and discontented state, a relative of my mother's paid us a visit. He was one of the most delightful specimens of cheerful old age I ever met with. He had spent a life of activity and usefulness, and was ever ready to sympathise with and encourage the young in a similar course. He very soon discovered my source of regret; but he did not make any remark until a circumstance occurred which gave him an opportunity of teaching me a lesson.

'I accompanied him on a visit to an exhibition of pictures, where, amongst other gems of art, was an exquisite painting, the subject of which was similar to the engraving we have before us. I was much struck with it, and stood for some considerable time rivetted to the spot; then turning away with a bitter smile, "Ah, would," I murmured, "that I had been the fortunate discoverer of that stone!" This brief exclamation was not intended to meet the ear of my aged companion: but it did so; and he eagerly inquired whether I desired the *fame* of the discovery, or the unbounded *wealth* it would produce. "The wealth, sir!" I energetically replied; "but not for its own sake, for I am not avaricious;" and, encouraged by his manner, I then proceeded to open my heart to him, by making him acquainted with my severe disappointment. Nothing further passed on

\* John Margrave of Brandenburg.

the subject until we were on our way home, when, with a good-humoured smile, the old gentleman addressed me. "I have, my dear young friend," he said, "been turning your wish over in my mind; and thinking it unlikely that it will ever be realised, I have hit upon an excellent substitute." I looked up not a little puzzled to divine his meaning, but made no remark. "The Philosopher's Stone," he resumed, "is, I believe, now generally admitted to have been a mere chimera of the imagination; but it is in your power to effect a transmutation of infinitely more value, and this is no secret science. The experiment may be tried by any one." "I really do not understand you, dear sir," I returned with some anxiety, supposing that he was about to make a revelation which would further the objects of my desire. "Providence has not permitted you to follow the bent of your own inclination," he resumed. "You are dissatisfied, and consequently unhappy: thinking, like the prophet Jonah with his gourd, that you 'do well to be angry.' Now, if, instead of brooding over what you deem to be your misfortunes, you were to try, by the magic power of a moral alchemy, to transmute your duties into pleasures, you would, I think, find the result successful. You look surprised and incredulous, my young friend," he pursued; "but I can assure you that the thing is practicable, because I have made the experiment myself. When the occupation is simply manual, we may employ our thoughts upon more agreeable and congenial subjects; but when they are necessarily chained down to an uninteresting employment, the very fact of its being a duty, if it be discharged with a cheerful spirit, may invest it with a charm. Will you try this moral power?" he asked, affectionately taking my hand. "I will—I will indeed, sir!" I exclaimed. "You have made me thoroughly ashamed of my discontented spirit." And I did try it, my children; and having experienced its happy effects, recommend you all to make the same experiment for yourselves.

## NOTES ON LONDON.

BY AN OUTSIDE BARBARIAN.

It is perhaps my *outsidism*, but I hope it is something better, which causes me to be surprised at certain circumstances attending the management of the theatres in London. Having many friends connected with the newspaper press, I am, immediately on stepping in from the country amongst them, beset with offers of tickets for the theatres, which, they tell me, cost them nothing. They offer this favour in a pleasant humour, as if glad they can be of any such service to me. As intended for a piece of kindness, I dislike refusing the offer; yet neither do I feel comfortable in accepting it—and, practically, I make a point of never using any tickets so obtained. For why, it occurs to me forcibly, should I 'sorn' upon these poor actors for my amusement? Why, if I wish to partake of the enjoyments they profess to furnish to the public, should I not pay for them, as I pay for my lodgings, my cab, my meat and drink—above all, for my newspaper? 'It is a custom of the managers towards the press,' such is the defence put in; 'and you do not injure any one by taking advantage of it.' Oh, but such a custom! The journalist professes to 'extenuate naught, nor set down aught in malice,' against the theatres; his primary duty towards the public demands that he should be perfectly just and impartial with respect to these places of amusement. Well, such being his relation to them, what business has he with their managers but to obtain, at the most, that gratuitous admission for himself which may be necessary in order that he may have no impediment to the preparation of his criticisms? Any-

thing beyond this, what is it but a bribe, either exacted from the fears of the managers, or offered under fear? Is it not simply because the press is understood to have a power of damaging by its reports, that it obtains this concession? Can any one for a moment imagine that a manager would give journalists gratuitous tickets for their friends, if it were not in the hope of thereby softening the rigours of their critical sense, or at the least preventing them from condemning in mere whim, which is known to be in their power? Talk of Turkey or Persia, where industry bribes power for leave to toil, and leave such a base little tyranny as this unredressed, unspoken of! Talk of the honour and purity of the English press, when it fosters in its bosom a corruption as bad as that of Bacon—only more disgraceful, in as far as its victims are, by universal confession, a class unusually subject to penury, and all the saddest difficulties and distresses which harass human existence! Oh shame, shame!

When the outside barbarian, however, goes to the theatre, and honestly pays his own money for the value proposed to be received, he finds another piece of absurd arrangement of a different kind. He can hardly get a door civilly opened to him for the admission of himself and his wife to their box, without administering a bribe to the servant in waiting. Outsiders who do not pay will doubtless be let in, but with the consciousness that they are regarded as shabby, and they will be told to sit on some of the back seats, as the front ones are engaged. By and by come perhaps some more knowing persons, who pay a shilling to the box-opener, and immediately these persons are proclaimed as the party for the front seat, although there was no engagement in the case. All this is detestable; and, judging from our own feelings, we cannot doubt that it is unfavourable to the interests of theatres, seeing that it makes playgoing uncomfortable.

Suppose that managers were to discontinue bribes to the gentlemen of the press, and apply the saving to the proper payment of their servants, so as to insure unsuborned civility and good treatment for those who are their real supporters?

## LONDON AN ANTIQUATED TOWN.

From the universal neglect of street improvement till a late period, every town is less or more antiquated, and far from comfortable or salubrious. London, the centre of wealth and influence, might have been expected to be more improved than places of less importance; but this is far from being the case. Physically and morally, the metropolis seems to be pretty nearly impervious to change; the people, I fancy, being all too busy about private, to think of public affairs. Be this as it may, the structural and other arrangements of London, with some few exceptions, are not creditable. The want of sufficient thoroughfares, lengthwise, crosswise, and diagonally, is perhaps the most striking deficiency. Notwithstanding some minor alterations for the better, it is to this day impossible, without great inconvenience, and the encountering of many unpleasant scenes, to make one's way diagonally through London—neither from Charing Cross, for example, to Islington, nor from Temple Bar to the Regent Circus. We must, for such a movement, go by some right-angled course. It is equally impossible to proceed in a carriage to any distant place with the certainty of reaching it in a given time. You may be blocked up in Fleet Street or the Poultry for half an hour, or in some other way so far impeded, that trains may have started, and steamers set sail, and you be 'left lamenting.' As a last monster evil, the cattle-market is held in the centre of the city—a source of inconvenience and even danger beyond all endurance. The press, I am glad to see, frequently alludes to these scandalous imperfections in management; and I wish it would go one step farther, and ridicule the folly of state functionaries, on the occasion of public feasts, flattering civic dignitaries, as if they deserved commendation for their indolence and conser-

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vation of all that is mean, disgusting, and dangerous. How much more becoming would it be for ministers of the crown to insist on the execution of public improvements in London; and, in particular, that that abomination, Smithfield market, should be swept away!

London is also antiquated with respect to cleaning. I lately passed through streets within a hundred yards of Oxford Street—broad, good-looking streets too—which were in a wretchedly neglected state, with lines of putrid pools on both sides. The narrower, meaner streets are also offensive, especially in dry weather—for Jove is evidently much looked to for aid by those in charge of this department. In Deptford, close behind lines of houses, there are stagnant lakes of nastiness fit to breed a pestilence in suitable conditions of the atmosphere. These are distressing things to be connected with the nineteenth century, and fix down London, beyond all appeal, as an antiquated town.\*

It is curious to observe the numberless minor traits of antiquatedness which beset London usages. At one place we see the neatness, precision, and rational civility of a railway station: at another we are stopped five minutes at the end of a lane in the Strand, till a huge clumsy wagon, with four horses—a thing entirely in the fashion of a bygone age—winds its slow way into the thoroughfare, where it is a cumber and an annoyance to any other kind of vehicle; or we have to purchase immunity from the insolence of a cab-driver, by submitting to overcharges for which there is no available remedy. Many things are accordant with modern ideas of convenience, so that it is a pleasure to have to do with them; many others are rude, vexatious, and uneconomical. Perhaps it is not too much to say that every age, from the Romans downwards, is represented in the modes and usages, as well as the domestic accommodations, and the police practices, of London.

#### STAMMERING.

I have been taken by a friend to see stammering cured by Mr Hunt in Regent Street. Though a matter in which a patrimonial interest is concerned, I feel tempted, by the interesting nature of what I saw, to make public allusion to Mr Hunt's system. Two young men were in attendance, both grievously afflicted with stammering, and both new cases. One was asked to sit down, and Mr Hunt then addressed a few questions to him, on which he made the usual wretched attempts to answer. This young man had no recollection of ever speaking fluently. His attempts to read were equally miserable failures. Mr Hunt then explained to him, in simple terms, the physiological and moral causes of stammering, and gave him a few very intelligible directions for the regulation of the mouth, tongue, respiration, and the part of the chest to speak from. The youth was soon able to pronounce sentences, and also to read, with considerable readiness. The other youth was then put through a similar series of lessons, and in an equally short time the comparatively perfect use of the organs was attained in his case. On a subsequent visit, I saw a girl who stammered and hesitated in an extraordinary manner, restored to a common style of speech in less than twenty minutes. These, however, are not cures. A complete victory over the bad habit can only be the work of time.

\* On a former occasion, in noticing deficiencies of this nature, we were so unfortunate as to displease various parties, who, by way of reprisal, told us that Edinburgh was a vastly more dirty town than London. Agreed: in some respects Edinburgh is dirtier. But they make a great mistake who suppose that we care about any one town more than another. On this, and everything else, we are quite cosmopolitan. We ask, as any person might surely ask, and, in fact, as the London press is constantly asking, why the streets of the metropolis are not swept daily on a uniform plan? Because the town is under the thralldom of antiquated civic and parish institutions; the reform of which, in order to produce a systematic and harmonious whole, suitable to the wants and feelings of the age, the people will not give themselves the trouble to insist upon; and, as is well known, few things are set to rights in this country without an uncontrollable clamour.

There is no mystery whatever in the plan. It is merely replacing nature upon her pivot, from which accident or bad habit had thrown her. What the instructor does, is but a small part of the cure. The greater part is the work of the pupil, fully obeying the rules, and persevering in them, till a new habit has been acquired. Most persons, I conceive, would not be safe from a relapse under carelessness for many months, and individuals of weak will might fail altogether.

Mr Hunt is, strange to say, a Dorsetshire yeoman, who has been led by accidental circumstances to add this to his other avocations. He laments being under the necessity of keeping his plan in the meantime a secret—the only thing about it which struck me disagreeably; for who would not wish to see the means of abolishing stammering diffused as widely as stammering itself? The exhibition is a most interesting one, creating that peculiar satisfactory feeling which we experience when the triumph of nature over error is asserted. Yet, as if to make good the rule that all benefits to humanity must come through the sufferings of individuals, Mr Hunt has been subjected to persecution on account of his practice. It was discovered that stammering ought to be regarded as a disease, and therefore treated only by qualified medical men: on this ground Mr Hunt was publicly denounced as a quack. It would be as reasonable to demand that a dancing-master, who substitutes graceful for awkward walking, or an elocutionist, who extirpates patois from the tones of the voice, should have a medical diploma. A beautiful thing it would be, indeed, for the resolver of this difficulty to go to a faculty altogether ignorant of the subject, and study their mysteries, which have nothing to do with it, and nine-tenths of which are now under a strong suspicion of being mere delusion, before he could be allowed to make use of an invention of his own, the benefits of which are palpable!

#### A TALE OF MODERN ITALY.

IN a certain province of Northern Italy, subject to the Austrian government, some years ago there dwelt a widow lady of noble family, Ginevra Marchetti by name. Her husband had been killed shortly after their marriage in a duel with a German officer, with whom he quarrelled on the subject of the Austrian domination. He left to the disconsolate Ginevra his estate, his castle, and one only son, then an infant. The estate was well cultivated, and yielded a large income. The castle was beautifully situated in a mulberry grove, by a rushing stream, and formed a delightful residence. But in the little wailing new-born babe the solitary widow alone found the courage to live and be resigned. No; resigned she was not: it is by no means an Italian virtue, and Ginevra partook largely of the most striking features of the national character: hot-tempered and enthusiastic, fierce in her resentments, passionate in her attachments, and carrying to extremes even those natural affections which, uncontrolled, will as surely produce our utter wretchedness as they are intended to form our greatest happiness. She had shared in her husband's overweening detestation of the Austrians, and it may easily be imagined how much that hatred was augmented by his death; and the more utterly her country became subdued, the more wildly seemed to burn her patriotic ardour. All these feelings, however, became lost and deadened in the one all-absorbing tenderness which was her life—an only son, an only child! It will readily be supposed with what ungovernable love such a person must have doted on such a treasure. But from that first moment when she had lifted herself from off the cold body of her husband, to snatch the living babe to her breast, one terrible dread (in her superstitious ideas a presentiment) obtained complete possession of her mind—the dread that the poor infant would one day share the fate of the bleeding corpse before her, and die for his ungrateful country. To guard against this, and cheat the fates if she could, she

determined that the child should never know what death his father had died; and never, if she could help it, leave his quiet castle and the boundaries of his own property, where no rumour might reach him of the great oppression of his native land.

For a long time her plan seemed very successful. Lorenzo passed from being a comical little baby, with long black hair, to roaming through the gardens a beautiful dark-eyed boy; finally, he became a fine-looking, high-spirited young man, the very idol and pride of his mother's heart. All Italians seem to be by nature instinctive worshippers of the fine arts; they must infallibly be either painter, poet, or musician, and generally all three. Lorenzo had from infancy shown a great predilection for the study of painting, and as he grew older, he displayed very considerable talent. He could think of nothing else; it was his sole occupation; and he spent days, and even nights, in his studio. Ginevra was delighted: she saw how completely he was absorbed in his favourite art, and she hoped it was to prevent him from wishing to see more of the world, or taking any interest in the political events of the day. For some time Lorenzo was quite content to work out his wild fancies as best he might, or to make one portrait after another of the peasant maidens, with the purple grapes and vine leaves twined in their dark-brown hair. But true genius is always aware of its own deficiency. He had a lofty ambition—the best ladder to success; and one day, in a fit of despair at his own performances, he flung his last picture out of the window, and declared to his terrified mother that he would start next day for Bologna, in order to study at the conservatory there. Her wild distress may well be supposed. Bologna! the very hotbed of political intrigue, the very centre of Carbonarism and secret societies! She declared he should leave the house only over her prostrate body, and was so frantically vehement in her opposition, that at last her son, though scarcely less passionate and fiery than herself, appeared to acquiesce in her wishes, and no more was said on the subject. One morning, when, as usual, she flew to his studio as soon as she arose, to gladden her eyes with the sight of her darling child, to her unutterable horror she found only a portrait of himself, of a striking resemblance, which he had secretly painted for her, and now left with a short letter, stating that, unable to control any longer his artistic enthusiasm, he had departed to study at Bologna, or elsewhere, as he might find most suitable. The picture would console her so far, he hoped; for as surely as the eyes would always look steadily on her, so truly should his thoughts be with her ever. He concluded by promising to write, and ultimately to return, but gave no indication as to the exact route he had taken. To follow him was therefore impossible, and Ginevra had nothing for it but to fill the air with her shrieks for a time, and finally to settle down into a mournful despondency, during which she sat, hour after hour, gazing at the portrait, and trying to believe what it had been promised the eyes should tell her.

Lorenzo did not fail to write, and his letters became indeed the only joy of his mother's existence, but he always contrived cunningly to leave her in uncertainty as to his exact abode. Now he was at Bologna; now at Rome; now travelling about the country in company with other artists, in search of studies from nature. Sometimes long intervals would elapse between his letters; then Ginevra robed herself in mourning from head to foot, and refused to open her lips, till the arrival of a letter seemed to restore her to life. At last came a longer period than had ever yet passed without her hearing from him. Her anxiety finally overcame the sullen gloom in which she generally passed those dreary intervals, and she took every possible means of obtaining information respecting him, or even regarding the state of those towns in some one of which she imagined him to be. It became her custom during this period of terror and misery to walk down every evening to the

village inn, where she occasionally heard from the passing travellers such reports on the state of the country as greatly interested her; and when the stranger was above the rank of a mere peasant or country merchant, she generally invited him to pass a few hours at the castle with her, in order to gain what information she could.

Months, many wretched, terrible months, had passed away, and no tidings of her beloved son had reached her. Ginevra was wasted to a shadow; she neither ate nor slept, but sat continually like a monument of living despair before the treacherous picture, that still smiled upon her sweetly as ever. One day there chanced to pass through the village a man of some rank and influence, likely to be well acquainted with all that was going on in the world without; and compassionating the overpowering anxiety of the unhappy mother, he agreed to spend the day with her, in order to give her his advice as to the measures she ought to take for the recovery of her son. They had been some time in conversation, talking as yet chiefly on the unsettled state of the country, when Ginevra having offered her guest some refreshment, conducted him through a long suite of rooms to that in which the meal was laid. She of course walked first, and suddenly was startled by an exclamation which burst from the lips of the stranger. She turned round in haste, and saw that he stood motionless before the picture of her son, which hung in the little boudoir through which they were passing; and a single glance showed her that his was a gaze not only of recognition, but almost of horror. She flew back to him; she grasped him by the arm; for a moment her utterance seemed choked; then she poured forth a torrent of questions. It was her son! Did he know him? Where had he seen him, and when? He did not know him, the stranger answered, but *he knew the face*; and he uttered the last words as though they contained some terrible secret, for his voice faltered, and he turned away from the eager, eloquent eyes of the poor mother. Ginevra could not understand this. However, hope, well-nigh extinct, had been suddenly rekindled in her bosom, and she pressed him instantly to tell her all—all he knew of her long-lost treasure! He had seen his face?—then he had met him accidentally?—at Bologna, in the picture-galleries doubtless?—at Rome perhaps?

In vain, for some time, the stranger endeavoured to elude the questions of Ginevra, and then sought at last to break the truth to her with some degree of caution. Her vehemence, her wild supplications, overcame him at last, and she worked herself into such a state of frenzy at the momentary suspense, that he finally disclosed to her all he knew without reserve. At the close of his recital, she lay at his feet rolled into a heap, in violent convulsions. The circumstances which he stated were briefly as follows:—

The stranger, who gave his name as the Marchese B—, had been residing for several months past in a small German town in the Austrian states. It had so chanced that his house was directly opposite to the prison—an enormous building, whose inhabitants formed, strictly speaking, the largest part of the population. Narrow as was the street which divided it from his dwelling, he remained in profound ignorance of all that passed within its massive walls, and might have fancied it as tenantless, as in reality it was full of suffering beings, but for one slight circumstance, which soon became for him a source of intense and painful interest. One of the small closely-barred windows of the prison was directly facing those of his apartments. It remained always completely closed, with a great iron shutter, which must have excluded both light and air, and which was never opened excepting for two or three minutes every morning, when it was partly pushed back, probably by the jailor, in order that he might examine the cell—and at that moment, daily, there presented itself, behind the thick bars, a young sad face, that for a brief instant looked wistfully out upon the

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blue sky and far green hills, and then vanished as the iron plate rattled back to its place! Daily the Marchese had acquired the habit of stationing himself at the window, to watch for this mournful apparition, and trace in the wasted features the terrible effects of the discipline of solitary confinement. When he first saw the face—and it is needless to say he had at once recognised it in the picture of Ginevra's son—it was blooming and bright as the beautiful image before him; but day by day he had seen it fade away, grow paler and older by the many long years into which despair had transformed the lonely hours of his prison-life; soon the eyes looked out without a gleam of hope, the lips did not even part to breathe their wonted sigh; and the good Marchese dared not say how wan, how dim, how almost ghostlike it had seemed to him when he last looked on it.

Ginevra lay in convulsions on the ground, as we have said. But however ill-regulated the mind, or fierce the passions, there is a courage, a constancy, a power of endurance in a mother's love, which never fails in the darkest hour; and after a time, she rose, composed her distorted features, gathered up her long dishevelled hair, and sat down deathlike, but resolute, to consult what was best to be done. Lorenzo lived! that was something; and she was fortunate in the strange coincidence which had converted the Marchese into her warmest friend; for, deeply interested in both mother and son, he determined to leave nothing undone to restore them to each other. After much consultation, he finally prevailed on Ginevra to remain passive where she was, whilst he himself undertook the incalculably difficult task of attempting to effect the liberation of her son. Fortunately, the Marchese B—— was a man of considerable influence with the higher authorities; but still the obstacles he had to overcome seemed almost insurmountable. In the first place, it was no easy matter to identify a prisoner amongst the mass of unknown individuals whose very names became obliterated instantly on their separation from the living world. Most happily, in his profound interest for the poor captive, whose melancholy face haunted him, he had asked who he was—a fruitless question indeed!—and received for answer that he was No. 10. Still, even this was a clue, if by this time poor Lorenzo had not become the No. 4 or No. 5 of some other prison. Not to dwell too long on the details of his search, we may pass on to state that he did at length succeed not only in discovering him, but in obtaining a commutation of his sentence of perpetual imprisonment to that of perpetual exile, with confiscation of his property.

As to the crime of which all this was the punishment, a few words of bravado, rashly spoken in an open coffee-house, seemed to have been the 'head and front of his offending.' It need not be said that Ginevra determined at once to follow her son in his expatriation, though to her it was no slight matter thus to abandon her country for ever, as Lorenzo was sentenced, on pain of death, never again to set foot on the Italian shore. The benevolent Marchese assisted her in making her arrangements, as she was obliged almost instantly to quit the castle, no longer hers; and with the money procured by the sale of her jewels, this daughter of a noble house travelled to Trieste, where Lorenzo was to be conveyed, still a prisoner, and destined to receive his freedom only after his embarkation at a certain distance from his native shores. Their first meeting took place, therefore, on board ship; for as long as the young man was a prisoner of Austria, he belonged to a class who apparently are not supposed to have any earthly ties or human affections at all! And what a meeting for the mother and son! The fair, undulating hills of their own dear country fast receding from their view, to be beheld no more; themselves, beggared and abjectless, sailing away they scarce knew whither; and if Lorenzo looked with astonishment on his mother's hair, which he last had seen a raven-black, now white as snow, she on her side, but for the unfailing instinct of the parent's

heart, might have doubted if this worn, spiritless, enervated man were indeed her bold, energetic, vigorous son.

After wandering for some time without aim or object, and well-nigh exhausting their slender means, which were still drawn from the sale of the last remnants of their former opulence and luxury, Ginevra and her son finally settled in one of the Ionian islands, chosen principally because there they would at least hear the sound of their native language. It was a bright green island, which many a one might covet longingly as a fair and quiet resting-place. But to the poverty-stricken son and mother it was not Italy; and we are well convinced that nowhere is the pure unmixed love of country to be found so strongly implanted as in the breast of an Italian. With them it is a deeply-rooted principle—a very instinct as it were; and we do really believe that the pangs of an exile, banished from that garden of Europe, are unspeakably severe, notwithstanding the absurdities in which poets, ancient and modern, have indulged on the subject. It was a bright green island, but Ginevra was far from her husband's grave, and Lorenzo from the living friends of his youth. Soon other cares began to weigh them down each day more heavily: want stared them in the face—actual want—and they had till now only known the utmost refinement of luxury. Their resources were quite exhausted, and their last and only means of support became the pencil of Lorenzo; but with what feelings did the young painter, broken-spirited and sickly, resume his once beloved art!

It is an old time-worn reflection, that nothing is so utterly destructive to genius as the necessity of drawing from it the means of daily subsistence; what was once the very paradise of fancy, becomes an insupportable drudgery: and it proved so with Lorenzo: instead of indulging in the wild flights of unfettered composition, he was now forced to paint staining portraits of clumsy shopkeepers, or ambitious milliners, who paid him ill, and drove him half-frantic by their ridiculous criticisms on his performance. This means of living was, besides, very precarious—often it failed him altogether: his natural delicacy and gentlemanlike feeling, which he could not get rid of, were greatly against him. At last another less scrupulous portrait-painter established himself in the town, and Lorenzo was deserted at once and entirely: in a few weeks more they were starving! Happily, most happily—and Lorenzo thanked Heaven for it—at this juncture the worn-out, broken-hearted Ginevra died, making her last moan that she would not rest by her husband's side, in her own native home. She died of intermittent fever, the disease of the country, which, though not usually dangerous, had proved so to her enfeebled frame. Lorenzo was attacked with it at the same time; but in youth, life has a wonderful tenacity, and he recovered, to find himself in a state actually of squalid wretchedness. His mother was dead, and he was reckless and broken-hearted. Life was utterly without hope or interest; he never dreamt of finding such in that which is beyond it, and soon he became altogether careless as to whether he lived or died. But in the midst of his misery, and at last of his starvation, one fierce and burning desire—maniacal we must call it—rose up within him, with an intensity which would not be subdued. It was the frantic longing to look once more upon his native land; once again to set his feet upon his native shore; he cared not how poor, how wretched, if but there! And besides, in Italy he had friends, if he could succeed in entering it unknown: in some one of its wild deserted valleys he surely might find a safe refuge. He was greatly changed; several years had elapsed since he left it; he might safely believe himself forgotten. But even were he not, who would recognise in the haggard, abject-looking creature, the once gay and proud young noble?

To attempt procuring a passport, without which he could neither leave the island nor land in Italy, was, he well knew, an utter impossibility. He did not even make the endeavour; but he managed, in some extraordinary



manner, to secrete himself on board of one of the steam-packets which ply between the Ionian islands and Trieste, and remained hidden till they had been two days at sea. Then forced by hunger to appear on deck, he succeeded in telling the story of his sufferings in so touching and eloquent a manner, backed as he was by his wretched appearance, that he won the compassion of all on board, and obtained the captain himself as his zealous protector. This man promised to do all he could to assist him in landing unmolested, but he greatly doubted the possibility of success. The absence of the passport would infallibly produce inquiry; and notwithstanding the exile's assumed name and change of appearance, he knew the management of the Austrian police too well not to dread the result. But poor Lorenzo was sanguine. Sorrow and anxiety had half-maddened him, and his monomania had become the desire, or rather the wild determination, to visit once more his beloved Italy! He refused to believe it possible his hope could fail. At length the steamer reached Trieste; and how did the heart of the returning exile bound within him as he beheld that gay city rising out of the blue sea before him, with its stately buildings and its vine-clad hills!

As usual, the customhouse and quarantine officers instantly came on board to examine the passengers. When the passports were demanded, Lorenzo's deficiency was at once discovered; but the captain endeavoured to fabricate a story, explaining the loss of that important paper, and did what he could to remove all suspicions. His eloquence was not without its effect; but still they could not allow the exile to land till they had communicated with the authorities; and as the steamer was to remain in port for a day or two, they agreed to leave him on board under the surveillance of two gendarmes, until they received their orders respecting him. Poor Lorenzo was now forced to watch the passengers landing one by one on the shore, that, like the mirage of the desert, seemed to mock him with its brightness; but the more he feasted his eyes on the fair landscape, the more convinced he seemed to be that he should yet roam amongst its valleys. Several days passed, and the shrewd captain augured ill of the delay. He felt that they must have fallen upon some indication which had awakened their suspicions, and led them to make a lengthened inquiry. He knew that there existed certain volumes—a library in themselves—the annals of the secret police, where the private history of half the population of Austria was noted down, and all characterised by various comprehensive epithets. He greatly feared that his poor friend must figure there in no very complimentary terms; and he was right. The sharp agents of the police had soon traced out the unfortunate exile, notwithstanding his change of name; and on referring back through the countless pages of these terrible books, the name of Lorenzo Marchetti was found with the fatal word 'Proscritto!' This was enough.

On a bright sunny morning, Lorenzo, ever on the watch, perceived a boat putting off from the shore filled with officers in the Austrian uniform. As he saw them direct their course towards the vessel, he became half-frantic with delight and impatience, never doubting but that they were coming to release him. The good captain drew near, shaking his head dubiously; and in another moment the boat was alongside, and the officers had mounted on the deck. They walked straight up to the trembling exile. 'Lorenzo Marchetti, let us go!' they said.

At the sound of his own name, the unhappy man grew deadly pale. 'Where would you take me?' he said with quivering lips.

'To the prison of Spielberg!' was the answer.

'Ah e troppo!' ('It is too much!') he exclaimed; and Lorenzo with a bound threw himself on one of the officers who stood near. The German defended himself, thinking he wished to attack him, whereas his sole object was to possess himself of the short sword he

wore by his side. In this wild effort he succeeded, and exclaiming, 'At least they shall bury me in Italy!' Lorenzo plunged the instrument into his heart, fell back into the arms of his horror-stricken enemies, and expired without a groan!

#### PROGRESS OF NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

MR PORTER'S 'Progress of the Nation,' noticed in a recent number, has already been followed by a new edition of Mr McCulloch's 'Descriptive and Statistical Account of the British Empire,'\* from which we shall now proceed to collect such information as may throw additional light upon the general subject.

The section relating to the industry of the United Kingdom commences with agriculture, as 'the first and most important of the useful arts.' The total number of landed proprietors in England alone is estimated at 200,000, and the average annual income of each at £200 a-year. But although this is the average, the value of their properties ranges from forty shillings to £100,000 a-year and upwards. Taking them generally, the landlords are hard-working men, of very moderate income; although it is the custom to regard as their type the few owners of large estates, whose wealth and importance attract the greatest share of public attention. The small farm system is stated to be injurious to the progress of agriculture, and to the habits of industry of the farmers; while moderately large farms produce more (in consequence of increased outlay) in a given space, and act more favourably upon the character of the population. The local population, it is true, is less; but owing to the exchange of the produce for the various objects of art or industry, the mouths fed are more numerous. In England the estates generally are of a moderate size, while in Ireland they are larger. But in the latter country these large estates are split into such minute holdings, that four-fifths of the people are supposed to subsist on the produce of the land they occupy. The consequence of this is almost universal poverty and misery. The small farmers have not sufficient occupation for their time, and grow up in incorrigible indolence; and being prevented, by want of means, from adopting improvements, agriculture languishes, and the most fertile soil in the world produces only one-fifth part of what it might do under a better system.

Various causes are assigned for this state of things in Ireland; but one of these has existence likewise in England, although modified there by other circumstances. This is the law as regards leases, which in these two countries are regarded as movable property; whereas in Scotland they are an inalienable estate, descending (except in cases of special provision to the contrary) to the heir-at-law. The result of this is, that in Scotland the younger sons look to other professions than agriculture for support, or move to other localities or countries in search of employment, leaving the inheritor of the land to devote his unclogged energies to the increase of his farm, and the advancement of its agriculture. This, however, is only part of the truth. The substantial reason for the superiority of Scotch husbandry is, that in Scotland every farmer has a lease of some kind, generally for nineteen years, while the bulk of the English farmers have no lease at all. Tenants-at-will from year to year, they have no encouragement to improve the land, and are for the most part practically serfs of the landed gentry, who look more to political considerations than rent. The backwardness of English agriculture from this and other causes is a curious feature of a country renowned for its manufacturing and commercial energy.

A full half or more of the arable land of England is applied to grazing husbandry, while in Scotland and Ireland the great proportion is under crop. The number of horses in Great Britain is about a million and a-half,

estimated to be worth from eighteen to twenty-two and a-half millions sterling. The total head of cattle is estimated at 5,620,000, of which a fourth part, or 1,405,000 are annually slaughtered for the supply of the kingdom. The weight of the cattle and sheep killed in London has more than doubled since 1710: the animals weighing at present, on an average, 800 lbs. bullocks, 140 lbs. calves, 80 lbs. sheep, and 50 lbs. lambs. In Ireland, in 1841, the number of horned cattle was 1,863,116, most of which are sent to this country.

The milk sold in London alone amounts in value to £800,000 a-year, and butter to £1,120,000, the latter being the produce of 150,000 cows.

The number of sheep in England and Wales is 26,148,463; in Scotland, 3,500,000; and in Ireland, 2,106,189—producing in all 540,000 packs of wool.

The present value of timber in England is estimated at from forty to fifty millions sterling, and its yearly product at from one and a-half to two millions. The royal forests, enclosed and bearing oak for the supply of the navy, cover from 50,000 to 60,000 acres. In Scotland the total extent of woodland considerably exceeds a million acres; and in Ireland it is only a third of that area.

The total annual value of the agricultural produce of England and Wales is £141,606,857; of Scotland, £37,744,286; and of Ireland, £48,200,834. The profits of farmers are stated at one-half the rent in England, and one-third in Scotland, which would give 9½ per cent. on the capital employed. This includes, however, all they receive themselves as wages, and proves the business to be anything but a lucrative one. Yet low rents are supposed to be as injurious to all parties as high rents; in proof of which, the following anecdote is told relative to South Wales:—'A gentleman noted for his liberality to his tenants, during the last seventeen years of his life laid out upwards of £20,000 in improving the farms of his tenants-at-will, without charging them a penny in advance of rent. He died; and his successor, of a different cast, leaving off improvements, tried what doubling the rents would do; and it is painful to relate, for it borders on a libel on human nature, that this advance of rent, considered exceedingly grievous at the time it was imposed, had a greater effect in improving the agriculture of the estate than all the benevolence and forbearance of his predecessor. The tenants were now compelled to do for themselves what another did for them before.' A rise of rent is, generally speaking, a sign of improvement; and to such an unexampled extent did this take place in Scotland, that the entire rental of the kingdom rose from one million in 1770, to four millions and a-half in 1815.

The improvement of agriculture was slow, and frequently interrupted; but the general result is so satisfactory, that it is affirmed that Great Britain provides food at present sufficient for the comfortable sustenance of five millions of inhabitants more than in 1820. Nor are the capacities of improvement exhausted. On the contrary, there is almost a boundless vista of prosperity before us. 'It is impossible, indeed, to say to what extent, under such circumstances, improvement may be carried.'

Such are the treasures that grow, or move, upon the surface of the country: beneath, in its depths, though we find little either of gold or silver, there is an almost inexhaustible abundance of substances that are of much more importance to mankind. The first of our minerals may be said to be coal, since upon it depends mainly the production of the rest. In some parts of the country, for instance, there is iron, but for want of coal it is not worked; and such districts are set down as destitute of mineral wealth. Coal is the grand *primum mobile* in this manufacturing country. To it Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, owe their greatness; and to the want of it many of the great cities and towns of history their decay. Nor is its operation limited to physical objects; it acts upon the very stuff of which men's minds are composed, and creates habits

of industry, and develops intelligence, wherever it appears.

Coal, like other great benefactors of mankind, was persecuted in the ages of ignorance, and in London repeatedly prohibited altogether, on account of the supposed injurious tendency of its smoke. Since the time of Charles I., however, its advance into general use has been steady and rapid; and at present the domestic consumption of Great Britain may be safely stated at 20,000,000 tons; that of manufactories at 13,200,000 tons; and that of railways, steamers, &c. at 1,200,000 tons. To these items must be added 4,000,000 exported to Ireland and the colonies, which will give a grand total of 38,400,000 tons. If this is reckoned at an average of ten shillings per ton to the consumer, the whole will be worth £19,200,000 a-year.

Coal-mining, however, is not a very profitable business to those concerned in it. Large fortunes, it is true, have been made from time to time by individuals; but taking the trade on the average, the profits do not exceed ten per cent. on the capital employed, and this at simple interest. It is a business, however, which will always go on; and the supply of the material is considered, by the best observers, to be equal to the present demand for many centuries to come.

Iron, like coal, was at one time persecuted on account of its consumption of wood in the smelting process; but when Lord Dudley obtained a patent in 1619 for smelting with coal—one of the most valuable of all inventions—his works were destroyed by the ignorant rabble, and himself well-nigh ruined. In 1740, when the new process fairly began, the quantity made was 17,000 tons, which in 1840 had increased to 1,396,400 tons. Last year it amounted to 1,750,000 tons. This can only be matched by the progress of the cotton manufacture. It is not supposed that the prosperity of the trade is temporary, but, on the contrary, that it will continue increasing for an indefinite time. Supposing, however, that it remains as it is at present, this will give, as the yearly value of the production, fourteen millions sterling.

About 5000 tons of tin are obtained in the year, at a value of from £65 to £80 a ton. We had formerly a monopoly of this article, and the price was nearly twice higher; but since 1814, the little island of Banca, in the Indian Archipelago, has come into successful competition with us, driving us out of the Chinese market, and even rivalling us at home.

Copper, although fairly commencing only with the last century, is now of more importance than tin; its production increasing from 700 tons to upwards of 14,000 tons, and estimated to be worth £1,406,000 a-year. As a business, both tin and copper mining partakes of the nature of a lottery; the veins that promise most, sometimes disappearing at once, and *vice versa*, making the needy adventurer a capitalist, and the capitalist a beggar, as it may happen.

The lead produced in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to upwards of 51,000 tons, each ton yielding about eight ounces of silver.

Salt is produced to an unlimited extent from brine springs and fossil beds. The home consumption of this article, exclusive of Ireland, is estimated at 200,000 tons, and our exportations amount to 337,000 tons. The average cost is only fifteen shillings a ton. The other minerals are manganese, antimony, stone, slate, fullers' earth, and lime. The consumption of the last is immense, but affords no data for calculation. To these may be added, though perhaps more properly a manufacture, bricks, of which nearly a *billion* and a-half were made in 1844.

In this survey, the treasures of the sea are worthy of some observation, because the consumption of fish is not now, as formerly, confined to the coasts, but extended by railways throughout the entire kingdom. In Birmingham, for instance—that great terminus—the consumption in 1839 was only 400 tons, and it is now 4000 tons. Of such importance is despatch in the con-

veyance of this perishable commodity, that a mackerel vessel arriving at Billingsgate at five o'clock in the morning, would obtain fifty shillings per hundred for its fish; whereas, if it did not reach the market till the afternoon, the utmost price it could realise would be twenty-eight shillings. Formerly, vans with four horses were employed to hasten up the cargo, which is now transported in a small fraction of the time by means of steam, whether on the road or the river. The entire value of the fisheries, including both foreign and domestic, is stated at from four millions to four millions and a-half a-year. The whale fishery has decreased rapidly, and in the northern seas more especially, the trade is now almost wholly confined to seals.

Such is a general glance at the treasures of the soil, the mine, the sea, with which nature has endowed the inhabitants of Great Britain. Let us now turn to the products of their industry in the manufacture of raw materials into those objects of comfort and utility which form the distinctive character of civilisation.

Our earliest national manufacture is that of wool; and many plans were fallen upon for its encouragement, including the law of Charles II.'s parliament (which was not expunged for a hundred and thirty years), that all dead bodies should be buried in woollen shrouds! The discouragement of machinery had the same tendency as injudicious fostering; and but for the example of cotton after the inventions of Hargreaves and Arkwright, 'the woollen manufacture,' as a writer in Rees's Encyclopedia observes, 'would probably have remained at this day what it was in the earliest ages of civilised society.' At the end of the seventeenth century, the value of the manufacture was estimated at eight millions sterling: it is now twenty-four millions.

In 1766, the value of the different species of cotton goods produced in England—or rather of a mixture of cotton and linen, for there was then no other—was estimated at L.600,000 a-year; but in the following year the spinning-jenny was introduced, which at first enabled eight threads of the web to be spun as easily as one; and eventually was improved to such an extent, that a single young girl was able to work a hundred and twenty spindles. Then came the spinning-frame for the warp, which carried the process to a pitch which might truly be termed miraculous, if we did not remember that, subsequently, the mule-jenny—a compound of these two—spun a thread two hundred and forty miles in length from a single pound of cotton! Hitherto, however, the manufactories were obliged to be pitched wherever a waterfall supplied a motive power; but, as if no obstruction was destined to remain, no element of prosperity to be wanting, the improvements of Watt in the steam-engine set them down in the midst of dense and industrious towns. The invention of the throstle then gave the mule the power of spinning spontaneously with no human intervention but that of children to join the threads; and then the power-loom brought the whole to a climax by weaving, by means of machinery, the yarn in like manner spun. The total value of the cotton goods, of all kinds, is estimated at thirty-six millions a-year; including ten millions as the price of the material, and twenty-six millions for wages and profits. On the most moderate computation, this business must furnish subsistence to considerably more than a million persons. 'And for this new and most prolific source of wealth,' says Mr McCulloch, 'we are indebted partly and principally to the extraordinary genius and talent of a few individuals; but in a great degree, also, to that security of property and freedom of industry which give confidence and energy to all who embark in industrious undertakings, and to that universal diffusion of intelligence which enables them who carry on any work to press every power of nature into the service, and to avail themselves of productive capacities of which a less-instructed people would be wholly ignorant.'

At the Union, the linen manufactured in Scotland was a million and a-half of yards; at present, the value

of what is made at Dundee is a million and a-half sterling. The total value for Great Britain and Ireland is estimated at ten millions.

The manufacture of silk was introduced into England so early as the fourteenth century, and in the sixteenth it had become a considerable and established trade. Towards the close of the seventeenth, however, the importation of foreign silks was prohibited; and the consequence of the monopoly thus granted to the home manufacturer was a total cessation of improvement, and much injury to the business from the competition of smuggled goods. In 1825 this suicidal policy of the government was changed, and the market thrown open, with merely nominal disadvantages, to the foreign manufacturer. The result of this step—from which nothing less than utter ruin was anticipated—has been a vast increase in the silk manufacture, which supports upwards of thirty thousand labourers, and is worth to the country upwards of ten millions sterling a-year.

Birmingham was called by Mr Burke 'the toy-shop of Europe;' but among the toys are vast numbers of guns and swords, and now steam-engines, more important than all the other firearms in the world. So extensive is the button trade alone, that in 1834 a single manufacturer had in his workshop 10,000 double sets of cut steel dies for livery buttons only. In 1824, a manufacturer of another kind received a single order for L.500 worth of dolls' eyes. At present, about 160 tons of fine sheet steel are annually manufactured into 300,000,000 pens. The whole annual value of all sorts of wrought brass and iron, and of hardware and cutlery articles produced in Great Britain, is estimated at seventeen millions sterling.

The manufacture of leather is very nearly equal in value to that of iron, being estimated at sixteen millions.

The earthenware manufacture owed to Mr Wedgwood its increase from a paltry business, in 1762, to one yielding at present from two to three millions a-year. The duties on glass were repealed in 1845, and the advantages anticipated are now in a fair way of being realised.

Mr McCulloch's section relating to paper, books, &c. is unaccountably deficient in the most ordinary information. He does not seem to be aware that there is such a thing as a cheap press in the country. He computes the value of monthly and quarterly periodicals circulating from fifteen hundred to two thousand copies, but entirely omits those that scatter abroad among the people their weekly sheets, to the number of eighty or a hundred thousand copies! On this point we speak neither for ourselves, nor for many other and more successful labourers in the field of popular instruction, but for the sake of truth, on a not uninteresting subject of social concern. We are unwilling, however, to do anything more than point out a defect which the author has it in his power to remedy in a subsequent edition.

Breweries, distilleries, manufactories of hats, soap, candles, &c. make up the account of the wonderful industry of this wonderful country.

#### A SETTLEMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE following interesting particulars occur in a small work on emigration, lately published by Wiley and Putnam:—

'In one of the small and rather poor towns on the St Lawrence river, is a certain road of about three miles in length, on which reside at the present moment a number of English and Scotch families. With the exception of one Dutch family, no others than those referred to reside upon this road.

'About twenty years ago these emigrants made up their minds to go to the new world. They were in exceedingly straitened circumstances, but confident that industry and honesty would not fail of their reward. Residing in the north of England, and in the south of Scotland, they took shipping at Hull for Quebec. They had a long and tedious passage, and reached Quebec with their slender means



almost exhausted, ignorant of the country, and of the best means to procure employment. In those days there were no societies to give the emigrant desirable information, nor books to furnish it.

'They resolved to go into the country at all events; a wise determination under such circumstances. By some means they found their way to the town in which they now reside; a small town on the American side of the river St Lawrence.

'They found it a wilderness. Here and there a scattering settlement was to be met with, but not a rood of land cultivated like that to which they had been accustomed in the old country. Everything was new to them: the modes of farming, of living, of buying and selling, of building. The soil was tolerably good, but it was covered with huge trees. Here they resolved to plant themselves, and go to work and make "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." They bought this wild land, on credit, at from two to three dollars the acre, payable in four annual instalments.

'What did they now do? Money they had but little of. Their land was not paid for. A few cooking utensils, scanty bedding, and a little clothing, was all they had, except their strong hands and stout hearts. With these they went to their honest, earnest, laborious work. The land they had purchased lay in a body, and they took farms adjoining each other.

'The first thing to do was to cut down the trees, so as to make a sort of road, though it was so rough, that no wheel-carriage could pass over it for the first year or two. In sleighing time they could get their stuff out and in on sleds. When there was no sleighing, they were obliged to do so on the backs of horses; oftener, however, on their own backs.

'As soon as this apology for a road was laid open, by simply felling the trees, each family went to work, and made a rude, cheap dwelling of logs. With the exception of a few nails, and perhaps half-a-dozen panes of miserable glass, all the materials were produced on the spot by their own hands. The work was all done by themselves from beginning to end; and in a very short time this hardy band of emigrants had homes of their own making in the forest.

'At this stage of their history they had not so much as a foot of land under cultivation, not even a garden. They had the outline of a road before them, and a rude log-cabin to dwell in. These were all.

'Their next step was to begin to subdue the forest, and turn it into fruitful fields. Long and wearisome years of toil lay before them before this could be accomplished; but, nothing daunted, they went to work. The process of clearing was now begun. Each man cut down the huge trees on a few acres the first summer. These trees were cut into logs of a size convenient to be drawn by oxen into piles. These were then set on fire, and suffered to consume. The surface of these few acres was thus cleared of the trees which had stood for centuries upon it, leaving only the stumps sticking up about four feet high. A strong man would clear in this manner perhaps ten acres the first season.

'In the autumn this land was sown with wheat, in which grass seed was mixed. Thus was the first summer spent, and winter came. During the winter more trees were cut down, to be got ready to be burnt in the summer. At last the spring came. In March they began to make maple-sugar, the very first thing their land had yielded them in the way of eatables. They now bored auger-holes in the sugar-maple trees, and putting small wooden spouts in the holes, they caught the sap, which fell in small rude troughs, out of blocks of wood. This was boiled, and made into sugar, a great luxury indeed for them all.

'By and by the snow entirely disappeared. The wheat they had sown on their newly-cleared land was found to be in a vigorous, thrifty state, and they rejoiced, as none but a pioneer emigrant can rejoice, in seeing these pledges of future success. The summer now wore on. The harvest came, and they gathered in a rich crop of wheat from land which, but a short year before, they had seen covered by a thick forest. The grass seed which had been sown with the wheat now struggled up among the wheat stubble, giving pledge that in another year it would furnish hay for the cattle they hoped by that time to have.

'They had thus lived through the first, and usually the worst year of a settler's life. They had endured many hardships it is true, and the little means they brought

with them were hardly sufficient to furnish them with the coarsest fare in the meantime. But the wheat they had raised, together with a hog or two, which each family had managed to rear, gave them a good stock of food to last till another harvest.

'Thus they kept on in their hard toil, till, year after year, they enlarged their clearing, and in time they brought the whole under cultivation. Their comforts also increased year by year. Their families grew more numerous, a real blessing in such circumstances; their road became tolerably fair, cross-roads intersected it, a school-house was got up, a preacher occasionally came in of a Sunday, and everything really thrived.

'At the present time this settlement is really a desirable place of residence. Almost all the original settlers whose history we have been rudely tracing, occupy the lands they first entered upon. Good frame and stone houses and barns have taken the places of the rude log ones. Their lands are all paid for, and there is scarcely a man of them but has money out upon interest. Their sons and daughters have intermarried. Healthy and happy grandchildren gather apples and plums from trees which stand where once the forest stood, and you might search the world over, and not find a healthier, happier, better population than this.'

### EARLY RISING.

MANY literary men seem quite regardless of the fact, that their health depends greatly upon the degree of rest, study, and exercise taken; as much so, in fact, as upon the nature and quantity of their food and clothing, and the intervals between their meals. Retiring to bed at an early hour, and rising early, are habits which would be found highly conducive to their health, and well adapted to prepare them for going through their day's work with a refreshed and cheerful spirit. It is also a business-like habit, and that is no small recommendation of an author in the eyes of those from whom he would wish to find encouragement and employment. Let it be remembered, too, that nearly the whole of our great men ascribe the extent and success of their labours to their having accustomed themselves to go early to bed, and rise early in the morning, and to this many have attributed their excellent health and length of life. We can at least speak for ourselves, not that we rise particularly early, but that we follow a rule of going early to bed, and insuring, as far as possible, a good sound sleep. Sound sleep is in fact indispensable to the health of men daily engaged in literary pursuits; without this species of pacification, the nervous system becomes overwrought, and bad health in various distressing forms is the result. Let it therefore not be forgotten that early rising is valuable only so far as it insures early retiring to bed, and the habitual tranquillisation of sleep.

Homer, Horace, Virgil, and numerous other ancient writers, were early risers. But not to go back to so remote a period, let us restrict our examples within the last three centuries. Sir Thomas More, who assures us it was by stealing time from his sleep and meals that he was enabled to complete his 'Utopia,' made it his invariable practice to rise at four; and he became so well convinced of the excellence of the habit, that he represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before daybreak. When Bishop Burnet was at college, his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock; and he continued the practice of early rising to the end of his life. Bishop Horne states, that during the composition of his very excellent version of the 'Psalms,' he arose invariably fresh as the morning to his task. Sir Matthew Hale always rose early, and studied sixteen hours a-day. Addison, when sojourning at Blois, rose as early as between two and three in summer, but remained in bed till eleven or twelve in the depth of winter. Dr Doddridge says it is to his habit of early rising that the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works. Fabricius states that 'Linneus arose very early in summer, mostly about four o'clock; at six he came and break-

fasted with us, about one-eighth of a league distant from his residence, and there gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants, which generally lasted until ten.' Dr Tissot says that Zimmerman was accustomed to rise very early in the morning, and wrote several hours before he began his professional visits. Paley, who in the early part of his college career frittered his time away in the society of idle and extravagant acquaintances, was one morning awakened at five o'clock by a friend, who reproached him with the waste of his time, and of his strong faculties of mind. Struck with the justice of the rebuke, Paley, from that time forward, rose at five o'clock every morning, and continued the practice ever after. It is easy to conceive how this excellent reform contributed to the achievement of the celebrity of the author of 'Evidences of Christianity,' 'Moral Philosophy,' &c. Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four; and Dr Parkhurst the philologist at five in summer and six in winter, in the latter season always making his own fire. Franklin and Priestley, among our philosophers, were early risers. It is to the hours he gained by early rising that we owe the numerous volumes which issued from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. He rose at five o'clock, and lit his own fire when the season required one. By six o'clock he was seated at his desk, which he did not leave till breakfast time, between nine and ten. After breakfast he devoted two hours more to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad, he remained at work incessantly all the morning; but his general rule was to be out on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness.

#### PLEASURES OF LABOUR.

It is not uncommon to hear mechanics and other working men repining at their lot in life, especially as compared with that of such as are engaged in the learned professions. In hours of despondency, those are imagined to be happy who are freed from the necessity of manual labour, whether as men of wealth or of letters. Contentment is the best policy. All is not gold that glitters. Inaction is not ease. Money will not purchase happiness. Lords and ladies are often very wretched people; and the instances are numerous in which even kings have thought men of humble stations the happiest. M. d'Alembert relates that Frederick, king of Prussia, once said to him, as they were walking together in the gardens of Sans Souci, 'Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably happier than either of us.' So also Henry IV. exclaims, in Shakspeare—

'Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and aids to boot,  
Deny it to a king?'

which may remind us of a saying of a greater and wiser king than either: 'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.' And before I dismiss my royal witnesses, let me cite King James I. of England, who used to say that the happiest lot in life was that which set a man below the office of a justice of the peace, and above that of a petty constable. The truth is, labour is not an evil. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' sounds like a curse, but has been made a blessing by our benign Creator. Health, strength, and cheerfulness are promoted by the proper use of our bodily powers. Among the Jews, labour was accounted so honourable and so necessary, that every man used to be bred to some trade, that so he might have a resource in case of misfortune. The same sentiment has prevailed in other Eastern nations. One of the Hebrew rabbies has the surname of the Shoemaker, and another of the Baker. Sir Paul Ricaut somewhere mentions that the Grand Seigneur, to whom he was ambassador, had been taught to make wooden spoons. There can-

not be a greater mistake than to suppose that mental exertion is less wearing than the labour of the hands. Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artisan feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and their meagre frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale than their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: 'Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work.'—*The Working Man; an American publication.*

#### BROTHER MAN!

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

God is One, and we are Two—  
Brother man, brother man!  
Wherefore make so much ado?  
Why should differ I and thou?  
God is One, and we are Two—  
Brother man, brother man!

We are wrong, and God is right—  
Brother man, brother man!  
Why should difference end in fight?  
Why should good be quelled by might?  
We are wrong, and God is right—  
Brother man, brother man!

We are beads, and God the string—  
Brother man, brother man!  
If we do not closely cling,  
Snapped will be the jewelled ring;  
We are beads, and God the string—  
Brother man, brother man!

We are parts, and God is All—  
Brother man, brother man!  
Should our body's members brawl,  
Would it not the brain appal?  
We are parts, and God is All—  
Brother man, brother man!

We are limbs, and God the Head—  
Brother man, brother man!  
Were the arms to contest led,  
Bruises o'er the frame would spread;  
We are limbs, and God the Head—  
Brother man, brother man!

We are children—God our Sire—  
Brother man, brother man!  
Let to him each heart aspire,  
As to heaven flameth fire;  
We are children—God our Sire—  
Brother man, brother man!

God has spoke it; we shall see—  
Brother man, brother man!  
All mankind shall brethren be,  
Like the stars in unity—  
God has spoke it; we shall see—  
Brother man, brother man!

#### THE POET.

In a poet worthy of that name, the powers of intellect are indissolubly interwoven with the moral feelings, and the exercise of his art depends not more on the perfection of the one than of the other. The poet who does not feel nobly and justly, as well as passionately, will never permanently succeed in making others feel: the forms of error and falsehood, infinite in number, are transitory in duration: truth of thought and sentiment, but chiefly of sentiment, truth alone is eternal and unchangeable.—*Curley's Life of Schiller.*

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